

SONNETS . *PARTHENOPHIL* ^

SONNET LXXXVI I I .



ITHIN thine eyes, mine heart takes all his rest ! In which, still sleeping, all my sense is drowned* The dreams, with which my senses are opprest, Be thousand lovely fancies turning round
The restless wheel of my much busy brain.
The morning ; which from resting doth awake me, Thy beauty ! banished from my sight again, When I to long melancholy betake me.
Then full of errors, all my dreams I find ! And in their kinds contrarious, till the day (Which is her beauty) set on work my mind ;
Which never will cease labour ! never stay !
And thus my pleasures are but dreams with me ; Whilst mine hot fevers, pains quotidian be.

SONNET LXXXIX .



HAT be those hairs dyed like the marigold ?
ECHO, Gold!
What is that brow, whose frown make any moan ?
ECHO,

Anemone!
What were her eyes, when the great lords controlled?
ECHO, Rolled!
What be they, when from them, be loves thrown ?
ECHO, LOVE'S throne! What were her cheeks (when blushes rose) like ?
ECHO, Rose-like!
What are those lips, which 'bove pearls' rew be ?
ECHO, Ruby!
Her ivory shoulders, what be those like ?
ECHO, Those like!